

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 25.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1803.

WHOLE NO. 764

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

[CONCLUDED.]

"MISS Fitzmurry," resumed the unfortunate Annesley, "well acquainted with the errors of my conduct, positively rejected every proposal which passionate importunity could urge; and while she generously debarred herself of indulgences, to assist, with pecuniary aid, my unhappy mother, her constrained indifference to me filled me with despair. Once I am persuaded, she loved me; but I have lost her for ever. our distresses accumulate; and a prison will soon be the only shelter my poor mother can obtain. I have lost every hope of getting employment; and the prospect of life now seems to me but a scene of misery, which no self-approving thought encourages me to support." Lord Anglesford reproved his despondency, and assured him, that those who were willing to exert themselves, need never yield to despair; thus striving to raise in his mind the energy of hope: he then enquired if he had not lately seen Miss Fitzmurry. He sighed, "No: I have heard that Ellinore is about to bestow her hand on her guardian, with the consent of the Earl." Lord Anglesford finding he was ignorant of his daughter's elopement, forbore, at that time, further to distress him. "Well, well," said he, "think no more of this matter. When you are recovered I must find you some employment; the prime of your youth must not be wasted in idleness and mourning. I hope you are fully sensible how soon your own imprudence has cost you: you shall begin the world again, and may yet find that there is much in it worth living for. I have the will and the power to serve you: mean while, your mother shall not be neglected. Give me her address. Annesley pressed his hand in silent agony, and directed him to Mrs. Nelworthy, in Charles Street, Soho. Lord Anglesford immediately repaired thither, and found the widow in the deepest distress. Active benevolence had not hitherto formed a trait in the Earl's character; but when he beheld the pallid countenance, and careworn form, of Mrs. Nelworthy, and observed the extreme wretchedness of every surrounding object, he mentally exclaimed, "Do I enjoy affluence, exulting singly for myself, while thousands of meritorious objects pine in want and misery, occasioned by the vice and folly of others? Surely heaven has punished me for my misuse of the advantages I possess, by depriving me of my dearest hope. My poor girl may at this hour feel every woe guilt and poverty can inflict, without a friend to assist, to comfort, or to snatch her from perdition. That office belongs to a parent, who, misled by illiberal prejudice renounced the tie of nature, because unfashioned by custom, and unenforced by law! Yes, I feel the faults of my daughter may be placed solely to the account of my culpable neglect of a parent's duty." His mind, softened by these reflections, he consoled Mrs. Nelworthy with the kindest assurances of his generous intentions towards her son, and received from her grateful joy, more pleasure than he had ever experienced in the gratification of luxurious extravagance; and left her far more at ease in his own mind, throughout the warm applause of his heart. As he was not far distant from the house of his blue dominoed incognita, he resolved

to call, and seek an elucidation of his last night's adventure. Decorum required that he should ask for the lady who owned the mansion; and curiosity to see if the coachman's animadversion had been just, enforced the mandate. He was shewn into an elegantly furnished apartment, the whole appearance of which, to his experienced judgment, confirmed the report. But no sooner did Lord Anglesford rise to make his salutation to the lady who entered, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell on the ground. "Beliza!" he exclaimed, in extreme agitation, "are you the mistress of this house? Are you the abandoned?"—At that moment a beautiful girl entered, who flew to support her fallen friend. Heedless of Lord Anglesford, who gazed on her with a sort of restrained horror, "For mercy's sake, Sir," cried she trembling, "what have you done! Ah! her hands are cold—you have killed her." "The presence of the man she has injured, Madam," said Lord Anglesford, indignantly, "has taken this effect: would to heaven it could recall her to a sense of her infamy." "Infamy!" repeated the astonished girl, clasping her hands. "Oh! can I believe the horrid suggestions which dart across my mind! Have pity, Sir, and relieve me from this suspense. My apprehensions are, indeed, terrible." Lord Anglesford grasped her beautiful white hand with convulsive agony; his cheek was pale, his lip quivering. "Are you, tell me," he cried vehemently, "are you related to that woman!" "I am not," returned she energetically; "nor implicated in her guilt, whatever it may be." "I thank you, Madam," replied his Lordship, more composed; "assist the servants to convey her to her chamber. I beg pardon for alarming you, and entreat some further conversation. Your friend revives; you may spare her the sight of me: I will here wait your return." The young lady complied with his request, and soon returned to him. "And now, Madam," said his Lordship, "if you will indulge me, by explaining the nature of your connection with Mrs. — I will, in turn, be equally candid with you." "Sir," returned the young lady, "I am an unfortunate orphan. I have neither parent or friend, but her whom you accuse as infamous. The only protector I had would have betrayed me but for your interposition. I was consigned to his care by a respected parent: as soon as my age admitted, he professed a warm attachment for me, which the disparity of our years would have prevented my returning; but, exclusive of that my heart had already conceived a fatal partiality for another. Under the specious pretext that regard for my reputation instigated him, he removed me from his house to this; he redoubled his kindness to me; and seemed to endeavor, by every possible indulgence, to remove the disgust I began to feel towards him. Having never been at a masquerade, I was much pleased with his proposal of taking me to one; little suspecting the nefarious scheme he had in contemplation. Oh! in that night I should have been sacrificed, but for my fortunate mistake of your person. Having rendered me that essential service, do not, Sir, now desert the unfortunate girl before you. Surely my father, Lord Anglesford, when he knows my situation, will afford me his protection." The Earl, clasping his arms round her

enraptured, "He will! he will! my Ellinore," he fondly exclaimed. "Even now you are folded to the throbbing heart of your father." "My father!" cried Ellinore, falling at his feet. "Oh, joyful hour! But, my Lord, have I a mother?" She hid her face on his knee, and wept. Lord Anglesford started on his feet; shame and indignation flushed his cheek. "Ellinore, we must leave this house; you must go home with me. Accursed!—But hold;" and a sudden thought occurred to him. "By what name are you known here?" "By that of Byngley, my Lord," said Ellinore. "My guardian represented me as his relation." "Villain!" muttered Lord Anglesford. "But, thank heaven, Beliza is not the abandoned wretch I thought her!" Ellinore would have bade her farewell; but this his Lordship sternly forbade; and a coach was immediately procured for them. "Ellinore," said Lord Anglesford, after a thoughtful interval, "have you seen Annesley lately?" She blushed. "Indeed, my Lord, I have not: I have never been out without my guardian, who has totally excluded me from all connections with the family: for though I believe I have succeeded in obliterating the transient impression, I feel much for his mother's unmerited sufferings." "Believe, Ellinore! be sincere; you will not find me harsh or unjust." He then related to her his interview with Annesley, and all the attendant circumstances; and assured her, that if the young man persevered in his laudable intentions, he would not object to the union. By this time they arrived at the hotel, where Du Frang received the acknowledged child of his Lord with the most profound respect. Annesley was too much rejoiced to be coherent; and Lord Anglesford condescended to advise with him concerning his conduct towards Byngley. "My Lord," said Annesley, warmly, "if I might be permitted to avenge your daughter's insult, my heart will second the enterprise of my arm. My life has been preserved by you; to whom then but you, and yours, can it be dedicated? Your Lordship cannot fight with a domestic." Lord Anglesford paused: he knew that Annesley was beloved by Ellinore, and to her the consequence of a duel must be dreadful. "No," said he; "it must not be. I will write to him myself, Annesley;" and in a few hours his Lordship wrote, and dispatched the following notes; the first of which was copied by Annesley.

"Mr. Byngley is desired by the Earl of Anglesford to give in his accounts within the space of ten days from the date hereof, who also advises Mr. B.—to quit the metropolis as speedily as possible, if he would avoid the chastisement due to his villainy, while yet in his power. His Lordship's attorney has orders to receive Mr. Byngley's resignation. J. ANNESLEY."

"UNHAPPY WOMAN,

"I address you for the last time, to apprise you of the dreadful brink of perdition on which you have lately stood. Tremble, Beliza, when you read, that the girl I have just removed from your house was your own daughter. Heaven has in mercy spared you the horrid crime of her ruin. Oh! if your heart is not yet totally callous, let this be a warning to you; return to a life of comparative virtue; necessity shall not urge you to

Infamy; independence, nay, affluence, shall be yours, if you will save me from the dreadful pang of thinking myself accessory to your guilt. I seduced you first from honor. Oh! Beliza, let me expiate that crime by leading you back to peace and virtue. The follies of my youth now appear contemptible, for now I feel I am a father. Retire to some spot where no tongue shall reproach, no finger of scorn point at you. Remember that you are a mother, and let that reflection strengthen your prudent resolves; then shall you find me your sincere friend.

ANGLESFORD."

Owing to the tender attentions of his mother and Ellinore, Anne's soul recovered, and gratefully received from the Earl the office of steward, which Byngley precipitately resigned, and fled to the continent, impoverished and degraded; for, lulled in imaginary security, he had hitherto neglected to enrich himself by plundering his patron. In the course of a few days the following note was delivered to Earl while at breakfast.

"MY LORD,

"Deeply sensible as I am of my past guilt, a mere abject confession would make poor atonement. That I have offended against every mortal and sacred tie, I am convinced; where, then, can I fly to avoid the whispers of calumny, the finger of scorn?—No where! When I lay my head on my pillow, my ears ring with the sound—"You would have sacrificed an innocent girl to the pollution of a villain."—That girl was your daughter!—Horrible suggestion!—When I meet the virtuous eye of a good parent, mine must seek the earth in shame enough! Life, on these terms would be a curse—I cannot live. My Lord, you have saved your child; for no more dare I call her mine. You have been a libertine; think on my fate, and guard her carefully; guard her youthful years. I mean not to reproach you; for vice must have gained ground in my mind very early, or I should not have become so completely abandoned. I cannot write; the pangs of death come over me. Surt not, my Lord—I have taken poison; even now I feel its effects.—I am lost! No power can now save—Oh! my burning head!—Is this but the beginning of my punishment!—Lord Anglesford, teach Ellinore, your child, to forget her wretched—but, Oh, not curse her guilty—mother, BELIZA."

The letter fell from the hand of Lord Anglesford: he turned pale as ashes. "Ellinore," said he, when he found articulation, "read the letter. We must go, my child, and soothe the last moments of a wretched criminal." Ellinore needed no further urging, and attended him immediately. But they arrived too late to afford any assistance. Beliza was in her last agonies: she extended her convulsed hand to Lord Anglesford, but shrunk from the embrace of Ellinore, who wept pity and forgiveness. A few hours terminated her sufferings, but those few witnessed her sincere repentance, and she expired with a prayer for mercy on her lips. Lord Anglesford was deeply affected; the shock scuttled on his spirits and he hastened from town. The good conduct of Anne's friend endeared him so much to the Earl that he soon procured him a lucrative and honorable post under government; and Mrs. Nelworthy came, by his invitation to the castle, to assist Ellinore in the regulation of the household. Had not the early errors of Lord Anglesford occasioned him many severe pangs, he might have felt happiness, in witnessing the virtues and happiness of his child, whose hand he soon after bestowed upon Anne's friend; and at his death bequeathed to him his whole fortune, with this injunction: "use it moderately and benevolently, my son. Shun the allurements of dissipation; and teach your children the necessity of habitual industry, regular economy, and strict piety, as the means of preserving them in peace and piety."

LONDON FASHIONS.

LACE and jewels are much worn, false hair of every description, is getting into disrepute, except with a few venerable ladies of HAUTE TON, who are privileged. Belles of distinction begin to imagine a fine form shews to greater advantage in light elegant drapery than in none at all.—Painting in red is not thought to necessary to give animation to a fine complexion or eyes—native charms are better appreciated. Several dashing fair ones have appeared lately in Persian trowlers, edged with white lace, peeping beneath the bottom of the petticoat and shewing visibly through a thin upper garment;—his Hermaphroditic attire will, however, we hope, soon sink into disgraceful oblivion.

SCRAP.

A Taylor, who had brought up his son to be an Attorney, being asked why he did so, he directly answered, "Every man according to his calling—one silt will beget another."

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

DEAR to my soul by every tender tie
Which nature claims, or sympathy can own,
Still for thy fate my bosom heaves the sigh,
On a cold, selfish world so early thrown.
Oh! nursed with me in life's fair opening day,
When with congenial hope our hearts beat high,
When bright'ning fancy with illusive ray,
Bade from our view each darksome shadow fly.
How chang'd thy prospects now! alas! how changed
The fairy hopes that charm'd thy sanguine youth!
Sorrow, doubt, fear, in order sad arranged,
Point the unwilling eye to sober truth.
Yet nature's gifts were thine—the manly form,
The quick'ning eye that spoke the ingenious soul,
Pure taste, a heart with every virtue warm,
And generous sympathy had crown'd the whole.
Lov'd and esteem'd thou wert—yet nought avail'd,
For four Misfortune mark'd thee for her own;
Nor Friendship's wish, nor Nature's claim prevail'd,
To screen thee from her dark and blasting frown.
And now where art thou doom'd to wander for?
Where o'er the rough Atlantic howls the storm?
Or roam'st thou where the scorching Syrian bar
Plants death in every gale, in hideous form?
Ye winds and waves the lonely traveller spare,
If on the deep he braves your gloomy reign;
And pale disease, that clogs the loaded air,
From Sorrow's wretched victim, O! refrain!
Yet, past these dangers, subtle vixen I fear
May spread her tempting poisons to allure—
Thy unsuspecting youth may aid the snare,
And make the impending ruin more secure.
For oft, when sorrow presses on the heart,
In pleasure's garb she lures us to our home,
Vainly we strive to lose the torturing smart,
Yet still in search of promis'd blessings roam.
Nor, till fame, health, and fortune, all are lost,
Awakes the wretch from his deluding dream,
Then dark despair pervades his heaving breast,
While scenes of guilt and horror form his theme.
Far be this fate from thee,—avert it, Heaven!
Tha' wounding anguish be his portion still,
Let not a prey to guilt his heart be given
To black remorse, that worst of every ill.
Still may the smile of innocence illumine
His cheek, tho' sorrow chase the rose away,
May hope the empire of his breast resume,
And point to scenes of renovated day.
[M C]

CLARA.

JUNE.

GLITTERING with the morning dew,
And illum'd by farrell light,
Nature's beauties meet my view,
O'er the verdant landscape bright,
Hill, and dale, and shady grove
Glitten in the light of day,
And the azure sky above
Shines magnificently gay.
Counless herbs and flowers bloom,
O'er the meads in vivid hues;
And a cheering rich perfume
Through the flowing air diffuse.
Fair the sprightly glossy corn
Waves luxuriant in the gale,
Sweet the blossom'd beans adorn,
And perfume the fertile vale.
Odoriferous spirits rise
From the fresh unfolding flowers,
Living tints delight the eyes,
Where they grace the roscate bowers.
Fair the graceful lily blows,
Scenting the soft breeze of morn,
And the beauteous pink and rose
June's elysian robe adorn.

VIRTUE.

Transient and frail is BEAUTY'S flow'r!
It sports while its borrow'd pow'r,
Then droops, and disappears;
VIRTUE alone yields pure delight,
Nor fears the vapors of the night,
Nor dreads the frost of years.

EXTRAORDINARY EXAMPLE OF HONESTY.

A Person of the Quaker profession, having, through misfortune, about forty years ago, become insolvent, and not being able to pay more than 12 shillings in the pound, formed a resolution, if Providence smiled on his endeavors, to pay the whole amount; and in case of death he requested his sons to liquidate his debts by their joint proportions. It pleased God, however, to spare his life, and after struggling with a variety of difficulties, (his livelihood chiefly depended on his own labor) he at length saved sufficient to satisfy every demand.

A few days ago, the old man came with no inconsiderable sum, to the surviving son of one of his creditors, who had been dead 30 years, and insisted on paying him the money he owed his father, which he accordingly did with heart-felt satisfaction.

Such a display of virtuous principle we record with finite pleasure, as it not only reflects the highest honor on a worthy individual, but also on that society to which he belongs; whose members have long been distinguished and deservedly respected, for their upright and equitable dealing. On this occasion we cannot help exclaiming, the expressive language of Pope, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." [Lond. paper.]

DESTRUCTION OF LIVES BY THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FREDHOME, a zealous revolutionist and Jacobin, who as he was no inconsiderable actor in the horrid cruelities of the French revolution, can no wife be suspected of exaggerating those bloody scenes, has in a late publication stated that the victims of the revolution in six years and about four months, that is, from June 1789 to October 1795, amounted to the number of two millions twenty thousand six hundred and six; that twelve hundred and sixty five women and children were thrown into the sea at Toulon; that nine hundred thousand perished in La Vendee; fifteen thousand of whom were women, and two thousand were children; that thirty two thousand were adjudged to death at Nantes, by Carrier; among whom, five hundred children were shot to death, sixteen hundred were drowned; and two hundred and sixty four women were shot to death, and five hundred were drowned; and that a hundred and twenty four thousand whites, including women and children; and five thousand blacks and people of color, of each sex and ages, were destroyed at St. Domingo.

France, during several years of the revolution, resembled an immense Volcano, that disgorges its lava upon the adjacent territories. Her armies poured over and laid waste the neighboring countries of Holland, Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; making their progress with havoc and producing unutterable misery, wherever they ded their courses. But the immense destruction of life and property abroad is not included in the aforementioned computation of Fredhome. He mentions only those who perished in the revolution, within the territories of France and her dependencies; and makes the amount almost equal to half the number of the inhabitants of the United States. [H. Bul.]

LIGHT ARTICLES.

SUCH is the rage for new inventions and improvements that a pair of snuffers is as complicated as a cotton mill, and a man must have a knowledge of mechanics to put his buckles. A wag observes, that the other day, in visiting an acquaintance, he was obliged to ring the bell, enquire how to knock at the door.

IN a church a few miles from London, the Priest repeating that part of the Litany which offers up prayer "for all those who travel by land or by water," &c. when the clerk suddenly exclaimed, "Except my wife, who eloped from me two days ago."

A young lady in Paris, has actually died of the raging influenza of NARAD FLUOWS—Her husband loved, and physicians advised; but she preferred death, covering her elbows, and determined to DIE IN FASHION.

CERTAIN coquettes gaily dressed, well powdered and well rouged, being lately at a ball, asked a foreigner, how he liked French beauties. "Ladies," answered he, with great naivete, "I am no judge of RAISINS."

IN some Provinces of Japan, the Inhabitants are exterminated by THE MOSK; so that it is customary to "such a territory contains so many MOSKS." That of must also be of a certain length to fill any situation Court.—Don Diego, in Tristram Shandy, would have been a Prime Minister in that country—if he had been born in it.

THE MARRIAGE DAY.

SWEET recollection! happy day,
That made young LEVI blest,
And made sweet ROSALINDA gay,
His bride and lovely guest!
Tho' gay, no VIL or EVIL thought
Finds shelter in her heart;
A mind thus fraught with innocence
Defies fell Envy's dart.
Thus may the LIVE in love and peace,
Nor need a VEIL to hide
That luring sin of vanity,
Or unbecoming pride.

E. W.

The above is an answer to CURIOSUS' Question.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, June 18, 1803.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The ship American, capt. Thompson, arrived at quarantine on Wednesday afternoon, in 28 days from London. She left there on the 15th May, and has furnished with Irish papers to the 10th. In addition to what is said, we have verbal information from Captain Thompson and Mr. William Sterling (who came passenger to the American) that the North and Channel Fleets were at, and had received orders to blockade the French ports; Lord Whitworth and General Androssi were preparing to return home, in consequence of instructions from their respective Governments; that the impiment of arms in England and Ireland was carrying on with unabated vigor, and extended in many cases to persons of 60 years old; and that every appearance indicated that France and Great-Britain would speedily "cry havoc, and let the dogs of war."

The First Consul is said to have observed to Lord-Whitworth at a late levee of Madame Bonaparte's, that he expected no success in a maritime war with England, and that hostilities must necessarily be directed against her in her own island; in which case he should feel it his inevitable duty to conduct the invasion in person.

TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE, the celebrated African chief, is dead. He died in prison at Belancon without a friend to close his eyes, and without having been visited in his imprisonment by his wife and children, who were taken with him from St. Domingo. [M. Adv.]

Captain Brown, of the brig Union, from New-Orleans, informs that he left that place on the 16th ult., a few days previous to which, the magazine, stores, &c. had been taken up by the Spaniards to the officer appointed for that purpose by the French government. On the 1st of June, at lat. 23, 18, Captain Brown spoke the brig John and Mary, Peris, of Charleston, out 10 days from New-Orleans, bound to Havre, who reported that the right of deposit was restored to the Americans on the 17th of May, at the Havana; on the 28th May, was informed by the capt. of the scho. Bersey, from Jamaica, bound to Salem, that he had received intelligence from a vessel from Havana, that the port was open for the admission of flour from American vessels, and that it was selling at 30 dollars per barrel.

On Wednesday night last week about nine o'clock, a negro servant belonging to John O'Donnell, Esq. on some business of his master, was stopped near the Centre Market, by a man who insisted on his accompanying him, and on the negro's refusal struck him with a stick, so violently as to knock him down. The cries of murder soon collected a crowd, by some of whom after considerable resistance on the part of the assailant he was seized and carried before Mr. Bressary, who committed him to the county goal, where he is now doing penance. We understand the account he gave of himself was, that he lived on the Eastern shore, that his wife and family were on board a boat ready to sail. Whatever he may be, it is pretty evident he wished to make a property of the negro, who might probably have paid a visit to Georgia before he should have reached the Eastern Shore. The gentleman expressed much unwillingness to go to goal, and on his being noticed, couly observed, that no one could like to go such a place this morning.

[Bait. pap.]

Beverwick, the feat of Tobias Bondinot, Esq. of New-Ark, and two out houses belonging thereto, were consumed by fire on Friday last--the loss is estimated at Five Thousand Dollars.

KINGSTON, (Elapin) June 9.

"Last night was committed to goal in this town, a black girl about 17 years of age for the murder of a child about six years old, belonging to Mr. Abraham Bruyn, of Shaw-Ingunk. The murder was committed on Tuesday, about 3 o'clock p.m. She had taken it about two hundred yards from the house to a mill pond, where she cut its throat, and then threw it into the pond. Near night the child was killed, when an immediate search was made by the neighbors. The pond was drawn off, at the bottom of which the child was found where the girl had thrown it in. She had been seen near the spot in the afternoon, and her tracks in the sand were well known, from the loss of a great toe. She persisted in denying the fact for some time, but at length confessed it, alleging that she had been instigated by the advice of a black woman, who told that if she would murder one of the children, it would procure her milder treatment from her master and mistress, (Mr. and Mrs. Bruyn) She will probably receive her trial and sentence at the ensuing circuit court."

STOCKBRIDGE, (Mass) June 5.

On the 25th ult. the dwelling house of Jeremiah Scripture, in Alford, was discovered to be on fire--the alarm was sounded, but alas! it was too late, the raging element, in spite of man, rode triumphant over the work of his hands, and in less than 30 minutes that large two story house and the one adjoining, together with the greatest part of the household furniture, fell a prey to the devouring flames. It is supposed the house took fire by burning leaves and bushes in the kitchen fire place, which blazed so suddenly it caught the foot of the chimney, and that by burning and flying up and falling on the roof, which was covered with moss so very dry that it kindled instantly. The loss is estimated at 1500 Dollars.

The following melancholy and very afflicting event took place at Lee, the 19 ult. A son of Mr. CORNELIUS HAMBLIN, who was between 8 and 9 years of age, feeling in a playful mood after the school which he attended was dismissed for an interim session at noon, took hold of a false mantle tree stone, which had been put up in the school house for the purpose of contracting the fire place, and having swung his feet against the back of the chimney, pulled the stone over, which fell directly on his head, and broke his skull in a most shocking manner. His legs and the lower part of his body fell into a bed of hot coals and embers, and as there were none but small children in the house, he lay in this situation until his body was exceedingly burnt. He died in about half an hour.

CIVILIZATION!!

The sentence pronounced upon Col. Despard and his companions, lately executed in London for treason, was in the following words!

"You are to be drawn on hurdles to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck, but not until you are dead; for while you are still living, your bodies are to be taken down, your bowels torn out, and burnt before your faces; your heads are then to be cut off and your bodies to be divided into four quarters, and your heads and four quarters to be at the King's disposal."

A Roman Curate, in one of his sermons, lately observed, that the Pope was the foundation of the Catholic church--the Cardinals the pillars--the Archbishops the walls--the Bishops the roof--the Rectors the steeple--and Bonaparte the weather cock. Bonaparte was a Mussulman in Egypt--a Christian in Paris--a Saint at Lyons--a Pacifist in Europe--a General at Marengo--a Lama at Malmislon--the Manager of an Opera--a Consul for life--President of the Tuscan Republic--and yet his ambition does not appear to be gratified. He should recollect that there is a certain limit to all sublimity things. "It was the camel's hair," says the Arabian fable, "that broke the elephant's back."

[Lond pap.]

A singular case will be tried the ensuing term, which promises much entertainment to the gentlemen of the long robe: the circumstances which gave rise to this curious action, are nearly as follows--A soldier having obtained a furlough to visit his friends in a distant country at the commencement of the last severe frost, having exceeded the limited time of his absence from his regiment, the agent advertised him as a deserter, with an additional reward for lodging his body in any of his Majesty's gaols. A York waggoner accidentally found the poor fellow frozen to death, and having seen the reward offered, actually conveyed the deceased to a neighboring prison, and demanded payment of the agent, who of course refused. Upon this ground the waggoner brings his action of recovery. Ibid.

COURT OF HYMN.

WHAT greater blessing can kind Heaven best
Than a sincere, indulgent FEMALE FRIEND?
What comfort is it, when the mind's depre'ss'd,
To lodge our sorrows in a faithful breast!

MARRIED.

At Parish Ambury, on the 2d inst. THEODORE F. TAYLOR, Esq. of this city, to Miss ELIZA COX, second daughter of Commodore Truxton.

On Thursday last week, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. NICHOLAS M. KEAN, to Miss SARAH STATHENSON, both of this city.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. JOHN G. CARPENTER, to Miss CATHARINE PARSELLS, daughter of Mr. Thomas Parsells.

On Sunday evening last, at New Brunswick, by the Rev. Mr. Blaue, Mr. RICHARD STOUT, to Miss MARIA HUNN, both of Monmouth, N. J.

MORTALITY.

HOW delusive is hope! - O how transient the Ray
Of the sun-beam that gilds our terrestrial scene!
How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day,
And the arrow of Death, O how piercingly keen!

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, BEVERLY ROBINSON BARCLAY, fourth son of his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General, &c.--an amiable and most promising youth.

At Newark, on Thursday, last week, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. RICHARD BLACKWELL, merchant of this city.

Some day, at his house near the Raritan River, Woodbridge, (N. J.) JEREMIAH MANNING, Esq. in the 68th year of his age.

In England, the Rt Hon. the Countess Dowager of Chatham, 83, relict of the late Earl of Chatham, and mother of the present Mr. Pitt.

The City Clerk reports the death of 18 persons (of whom 10 were adults and 8 children) during the week ending on Saturday last (exclusive of those buried in Pottersfield), viz: Of old age 1, Pleurisy 1, fits 2, consumption 4, worm fever 1, complaint of the lungs 1, drowned 1, tetting 1, small pox 2, and 4 of diseases not mentioned.

Saturday the 14th inst. a child of Mr. NATHANIEL CHAPMAN, of the village of Troy, fell into a kettle of hot beer, and was so shockingly scalded that it expired immediately after the accident.

Drowned, in a mill-pond at Pittstown, COENRAD WAGGONER, son of Mr. Hans Wager, of the same place. Several persons, it is said, were stupid and inactive spectators of the unfortunate accident; deterred, through fear of being seized upon by the drowned man, and sinking with him into the same grave, of attempting to save his life--which resolution and forethought might have preferred.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS

Whole, in Halves, and Quarters,

IN THE LOTTERY FOR ASSISTING THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS WITH SMALL CHILDREN.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING,

A variety of ENTERTAINMENTS, for the Benefit of Mrs. SEYMOUR.

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.

Lost, between New-Slip and Fly-market, A RED MORRIS POCKET BOOK containing several notes of hand, and sundry papers of material consequence to the loser, but of no value to any other person. The finder on returning it with the papers to No. 253 Water-Street, shall receive the above reward from the subscriber.

J. JACOBS.

For Sale at JOHN HARRISON's Book and Stationary Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 11, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE,

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE WOODMAN.

YOU ask, who lives in yonder cot
Remote, where strangers seldom tread?
A Woodman there enjoys his lot,
Who labors for his daily bread.
In this lone forest, wild and rude,
He earns his meals by cutting wood.

No wife has he to whom confid'd,
No child to bring perpetual care,
No servant to perplex his mind,
No friend his frugal meal to share;
Alone, and in a cheerful mood,
He earns his bread by--cutting wood.

From wealth and power he lives secure,
Unknown beneath his humble roof,
Untaught, yet blest; content, tho' poor;
While every care he keeps aloof;
Thus having nought o'er which to brood,
He spends his days--in cutting wood.

Soon as he views the rising sun,
He eats his crust of coarse brown bread,
Shoulders his hatchet and his gun,
And thus by constant habit led,
In that recess where oft he's stood,
He still continues--cutting wood.

To him indifferent seasons roll,
He values not the lapse of time;
He only seeks to mould his soul,
And fit it for a happier clime,
Where pains and sorrows ne'er intrude,
Where soon he'll cease from--cutting wood.

Does not this peasant happier live
Than those who "follow wealth and fame?"
Can these bellow what peace can give,
Or raise to health the sickly frame?
He's blest indeed who poor and good
Earns his brown loaf by--cutting wood.

[Hud. Sol.]

JULIENNE.

BALLAD.

REBECCA was the fairest maid
That on the Danube's borders play'd;
And many a handsome nobleman,
For her in tilt and tourney ran,
While she in secret wish'd to see
What youth her husband was to be.

REBECCA heard the gossips say,
"Alone from dusk till midnight stay
Within the church porch drear and dark,
Upon the vigil of St. Mark.
And, lovely maiden, you shall see
What youth your husband is to be."

REBECCA when the night grew dark,
Upon the vigil of St. Mark,
(Obscured by Paul, a roguish scout,
Who gossips'd the talk she went about)
Stepp'd to St. Stephen's church, to see,
What youth her husband was to be.

REBECCA heard the screech-owl cry,
And saw the black bat round her fly;
She sat till, wild with fear, at last,
Her blood grew cold, her pulse beat fast;
And yet, rash maid, she stopp'd to see
What youth her husband was to be.

REBECCA heard the midnight chime
Ring out the yawning peal of Time,
When shrouded Paul, unlucky knave!
Rose like a spectre from the grave,
And cried, "Fair maiden, come with me!
For I your bridegroom am to be."

REBECCA turn'd her head aside,
Sent forth a horrid shriek and died--
While Paul confess'd himself in vain,
REBECCA never spoke again.
Ah! little, helpless girl, did she
Think DEATH her bridegroom was to be.

REBECCA, may the story long
Instruct the giddy and the young!
Fright not, fond youths, the timid fair;
And you, too gentle maids, beware;
Nor seek, by dreadful arts, to see
What youths your husbands are to be.

MORALIST.

DEATH if not immediately before your eyes, is regarded as the common lot of all men, and becomes stripped of his terrors. We foolishly imagine we shall not be subject to his arrest till we arrive at the close of a long life. Like ignorant travellers who are unacquainted with their journey, and have no person to inform them the distance, we are engrossed by the cares and trifles of the way, ignorant of our progress, and unprepared for our fate. But the importance of being prepared for death, makes it surprising that we are so inattentive to our preparation. It is of importance, for reason and revelation assure us, that our enjoyment of eternity will depend on our preparation for death. But revelation is fashionably disregarded, and the still small voice of reason is unheard in the bustle of the world. Youth, enjoying health and flushed with expectation, pictures to itself the pleasing vicissitudes of riper years and manhood, and enchanted with the prospect, magnified by hope, is unable to discern death's frightful visage at the father end of the scene. Manhood, surrounded by cares and engrossed by avarice and ambition, has certain objects to obtain, and supposes in the possession and enjoyment of them, preparations for death will not only be feasible but agreeable. Doting old age is naught but second childhood, and is as much employed in the melancholy enjoyment of the occurrences of life in the review, as youth is in contemplating them in the prospect. Thus man at every period of his existence, is thoughtless of death and regardless of his preparation. Nothing but the death of friends and the bed of sickness seems calculated to introduce such reflections as lead to a happy life here, and prepare for the enjoyment of a glorious immortality.

E. WOFFENDALE,

MANTUAMAKER AND MILLINER,

Has just received from London, an elegant assortment of FASHIONS, which are now opened at No. 154 Broad-Way; she has also on hand, a handsome assortment of Chip Hats and Bonnets, which come very low.

Five Girls wanted to learn the trades, none need apply without a good character.

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy--this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81

William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Aftic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violets and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. Feb. 26

EAST-CHESTER, WEST-CHESTER AND HERLEM STAGE.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he starts from Abraham Brevost's, No. 26 Chatham-Street, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, every week, and arrives at George Crawford's Tavern, between five and six o'clock. Starts from East-Chester on Mondays and Fridays, at seven o'clock regularly, drives through West-Chester at eight o'clock, from thence to New-York. The fare for each passenger to West-Chester 5s. to East-Chester 6s. Seats engaged at either of the above places.

JOSIAH PELL.

JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale by T. H. BURNTON, No. 116 Broad-Way, opposite the City-Hotel, elegant hot pressed embossed letter paper with fancy colored borders. Superfine hot pressed letter paper plain and gilt, visiting cards, plain and gilt; drawing paper of all sizes; drawing books, Reeves water colors, India ink, crayon and camels hair pencils; warranted lead pencils, bank note cases, Ladies' morocco pocket books and thread cases, warranted scissors, &c. with every article in the stationery line, on the most reasonable terms. May 14.

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Lately added to M. Nash's Circulating Library, 2 Beekman-Street.

The World Displayed, 20 vols. British Classics, Sonnet's Travels into Upper and Lower Egypt, with traits, views, plans, antiquities, plants, animals &c. elegant map of the country, in one quarto volume. Charles Travels in Greece, 5 vols. the fifth vol. contains maps, plans, views and coins, illustrative of the phy and antiquities of ancient Greece, Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature, 4 vols. history of London Theatre, 2 vols. Hapless Orphan, ado. Courtney, 1 do.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

To be paid at the time of subscribing, 3 dolls. 50 cts per year, 2 dolls for 6 months, and 1 dol. 25 cts per 3 months. N. B. Customers are requested to call in the evening.

INDIA TAMBOUR'D MUSLINS.

RICHARD MULHERAN informs his friends and public, that he has for sale No. 12 Peck-Slip, a large general assortment of DRY GOODS, amongst which India Malmul Muslins Tamboured, do. do. Plain, do. Jaconet do. Colored cambric do. All of which he will sell for CASH. May

JAMES ALWAYS,

Windfor Chair Maker, informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues to make Windfor at No. 40 James Street, where he will thankfully receive every order in the above line. He likewise informs public, that he has good accommodations for dry chairs when repaired, and will take them from the town, and return them in good order. He will them green, or any fancy color, at a very low price, April 2. 53 am.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PAINTER, No. 298 Water-Street, between Peck and New-Slips, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business actively; and that any orders which he may be called on will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on the rate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any sold. Worms for Mills, Candle Moulds, and an assortment of Pewter Articles. An Apprentice to the above business. Oct. 16, 29 17

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

This day is published by G. & R. WAITE, P. Bookellers, Stationers and Patent Medicines, No. 64 Maiden-lane, (price 75 cents) handsomely in red, for the pocket.

THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE, or COMPLETE MAN COOK; wherein the art of dressing all sorts of food is explained in upwards of five hundred approved recipes.

ALSO,

The method of making English and American Whisky, To which is added,

An Appendix, containing many new and useful receipts, adapted to the American mode of Cooking.

Also this day is published,

By G. & R. WAITE, (price 75 cents) handsomely in red, for the pocket.

THE UNIVERSAL LETTER WRITER;

Or, New Art of Polite Correspondence;

Containing a course of interesting letters on the most important, instructive, and entertaining subjects, may serve as copies for imitating letters on the various occasions in life. May 14

Mrs. WATSON,

Has removed from No. 114 Broadway, to No. 115 Broadway, where she has on hand a large assortment of made linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Cravats, elegant embroidered Shirts and Spencers, Shirt Handkerchiefs embroidered, Childbed linen, &c. May 7

TO BE SOLD,

BY her own desire, A NEGRO WOMAN, sober, and honest, about 25 years of age, has neither band nor children. Also, a steady old BLACK Man Enquire of the printer. May

WANTED,

To hire or to be bound,

A GIRL, 13 or 14 years of age, to assist in the work of a family. One of this description, either white or black, producing recommendations, will hear of it by applying at this office.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP. One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, paid in advance.